



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

359

**Jeanne S. Chall Collection
on the Teaching of Reading**



HARVARD GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

**MONROE C. GUTMAN
LIBRARY**



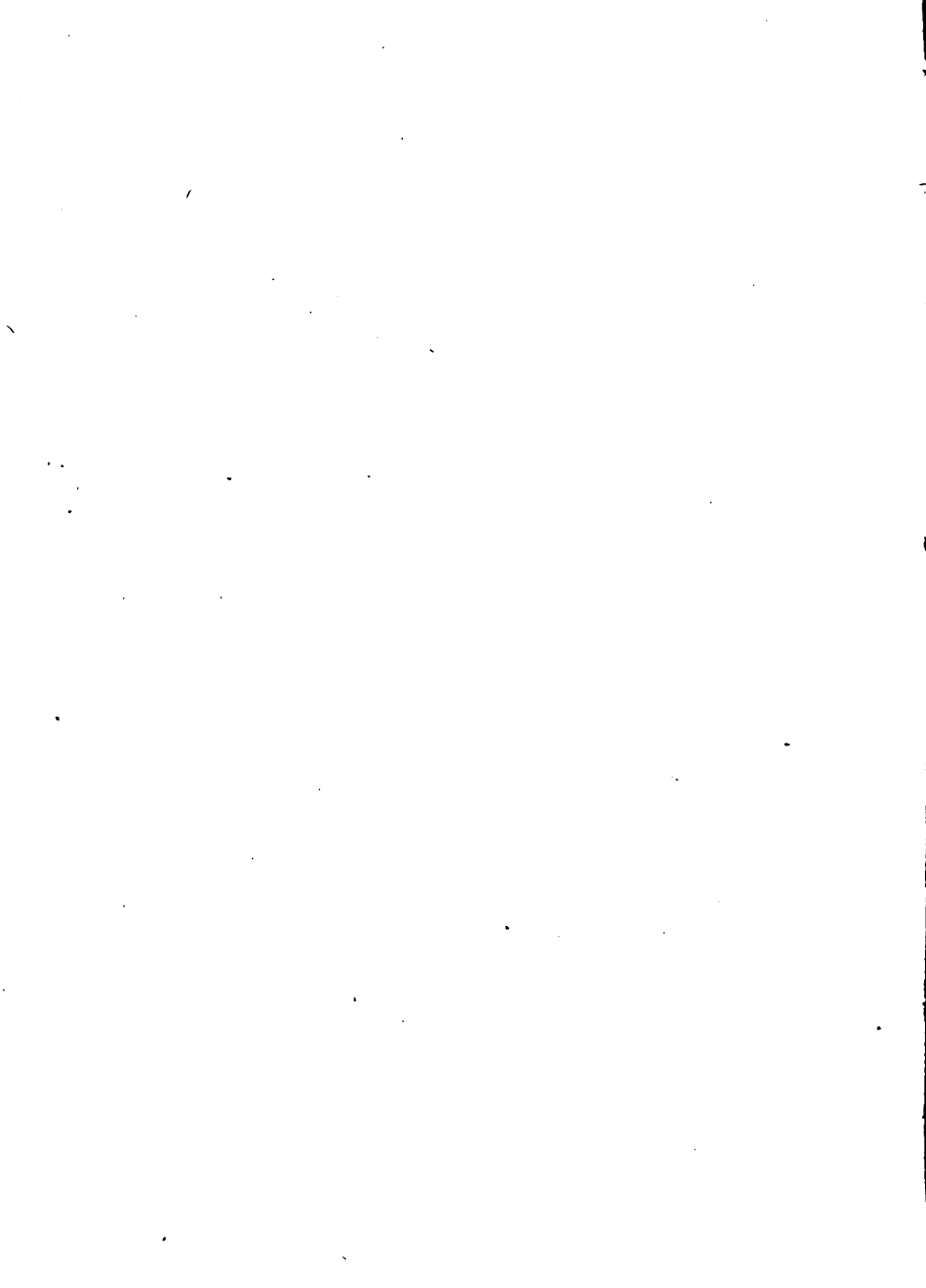


3 2044 102 787 769

Joan Tucker

AND





A FIRST READER

Joan



THE ALDINE READERS

A FIRST READER

By

Frank E. Spaulding

Superintendent of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio

and

Catherine T. Bryce

Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis, Minn.



With Illustrations by

Margaret Ely Webb

NEW YORK

NEWSON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Chell Cole

#A0A0629

PE

1119

.B832

1906

Fmr

Acader

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
MONK C. GUIMAN LIBRARY

Copyright, 1906, by
NEWSON AND COMPANY

All rights reserved

(19)

The authors and publishers desire to acknowledge their obligation to MR. NATHANIEL L. BERRY, Supervisor of Drawing in the Public Schools of Newton, Massachusetts, for valuable assistance in planning and arranging the illustrations in this book.

INTRODUCTION

THIS First Reader continues the interesting exercises of the **Aldine Primer** — the rhymes and stories, the dramatizations and pictures — which make the child's efforts to master the art of reading both delightful and surprisingly successful. The content is concrete, alive and full of action. The joys of happy childhood at play in the open — with the birds, the animals, the flowers, the wind, the snow and the rain — the joys of childhood's imagination, are presented in the language of childhood and from the child's point of view. The child finds here none of the drudgery — to him quite meaningless — so often associated with the disagreeable task of learning how to read; the child reads from the very first page — he has been reading all through the **Primer** — reads with delight and real understanding, reads the thoughts and feels the pleasures of childhood. Hence, the not uncommon occurrence of a child's suddenly discovering in surprise that he has learned how to read — that he can read — that he is reading — and that he likes to read!

But there is no magic about the **Aldine** method, if it can be called a method. Like the marvellous modern achievements of applied science, its success depends upon the simple principle of understanding and utilizing, instead of ignoring and antagonizing, nature. The child's nature furnishes the key, the sure guide to all the method there is in **Aldine** reading.

The initial stock of about one hundred "sight words," which the reading of the **Primer** has furnished, is increased gradually. At first most of the new words are easily acquired, as were those of the **Primer**, through the memorizing of simple and interesting rhymes.

▼

Such rhymes occur on pages 3, 6, 11, 15, 17, 25, 28, 33, 37, 47, 55, 75. But for the development of the power and the habit of independent mastery of new words by the child reliance is placed on the exercises in phonics, which should be systematic and constant throughout the book. Just what these exercises are and just how they are to be carried out to make them most effective are matters fully explained in the *Teacher's Manual*, "Learning to Read."

No formidable mechanism is involved in the teaching of phonics. The plan is an entirely simple and natural one. The pupil is shown how and encouraged from the outset to do quickly, directly and intelligently what he otherwise learns slowly, indirectly and unconsciously. He is taught to observe, to analyze and to compare words; he is taught to apply constantly his growing knowledge of sounds and of letters used to represent sounds. These exercises are scarcely less interesting to the child than are the rhymes, stories and dramatizing, for the child understands what he is doing and why he is doing it, and he feels the joy of increasing mastery. So rapid and sure is the child's progress and growth in independent power that he reads at sight and reads well any interesting Primer long before he has completed this First Reader. When this book is completed he can read any properly graded First Reader, in fact almost anything that he can understand, and he can read it absolutely at sight with little hesitation and read it with intelligent expression.

Aldine Reading, as presented in this and in the other books of the Aldine Series, is vastly more important than any mere method or device for acquiring mastery of the mechanics of reading—it does lead to that mastery speedily; it is all-round, rich, sound education for the primary child; and withal it is a joy to child and teacher, as all primary education ought to be.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WITH THE BIRDS	1
OUT OF DOORS	23
The Wind	26
The Leaves	28
The Birds and the Leaves	30
The Snow	34
Little Birdie	38
Feeding the Squirrels	40
The Squirrels	43
IN SUMMER TIME	45
Summer is Coming	47
Pussy Willows	48
The Pussies	50
Little Violet	52
Mother's Song	56
Baby	58
Baby Asleep	62
The New Kite	66
Tom and the Wind	68
The Song of the Wind	72
WITH FLOWER AND STAR	73
The Rose	75
The Beautiful Garden	77

	PAGE
The Garden in Winter	80
Rose, Daisy, and Lily	82
The Spring Time	85
Tom and the Birds	86
The Star	88
The Dandelion's Friends	91
AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE	95
Who Is It?	97
Santa Claus	98
Who is Santa Claus?	100
The Night Before Christmas	102
The Doll and the Sled	106
Christmas Morning	111
Playing in the Snow	115
IN GARDEN AND MEADOW	119
The Little Plant	121
Be Glad	122
The Fairy Butterfly	123
The Butterfly in the Garden	125
The Little Fairy	127
The White Lily	131
The Caterpillar	134
The Dandelion	138
The Bee	140
The Busy Bee	142
Why the Clover is Sweet	145
VOCABULARY	147

With The Birds





Fly, little birds, to the tall tree
Fly to your nest and little birds three.



tall

three

Fly, little birds.

Fly to your nest.

Fly to the tall tree, little birds.

Fly to your little birds.

Fly to your three little birds.

Your little birds fly.

Your little birds fly to the tall tree.

Your little birds fly to the nest.





Little birds, fly to your nest.

Fly to the tall tree.

Fly to your three little birds.

Fly to your nest and three little birds.

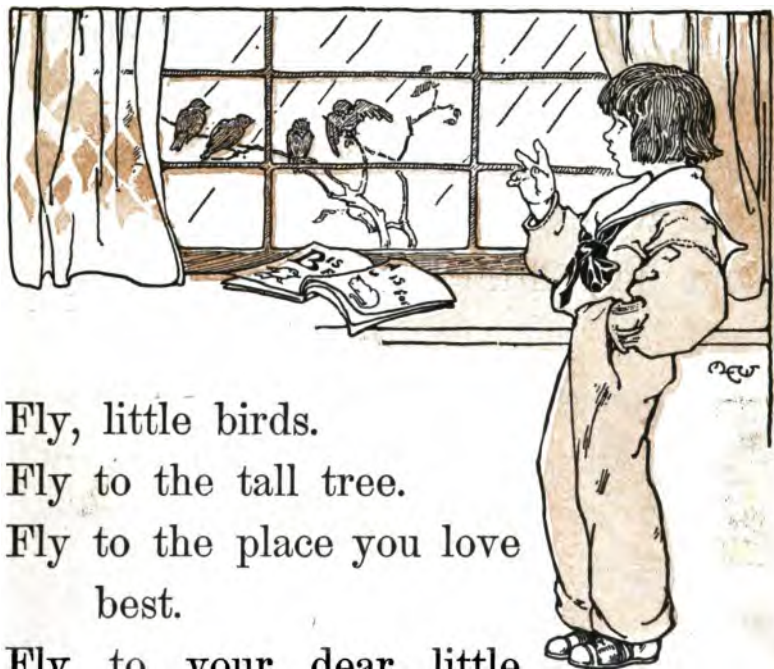


Fly, little birds,
To the place you love best,
To the tall tree
And your dear little nest.

place
dear

love

(n est)
b est



Fly, little birds.

Fly to the tall tree.

Fly to the place you love
best.

Fly to your dear little
nest.

You love the tall tree, little birds.

You love your dear little nest.

You love your three little birds best.

Your little birds fly to the tall tree.
Your little birds fly to the nest.
Your little birds love the tall tree.
Your little birds love the nest.
Your dear little birds love you best.





The birds are flying.

They are flying to the tall tree.

They are flying to the place they love.

Where are they flying?

They are flying to the dear little nest.

They are flying to three little birds.

They are flying to the birds in the nest.

They love the tree and the nest.

They love the little birds best.

Fly, little birds.

Fly to the tall tree.

Fly to the place you love best.

Fly to your dear little nest.

Your nest is in the tall tree.

Your little birds are in the nest.

Fly to your nest.

Fly to your dear little birds.

Your little birds love the tree.

Your little birds love the nest.

They love the nest in the tall tree.

They love you best.

You love your nest.

You love your little birds best.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now.



bough	Rob in	will
get	Red breast	break fast
		feed

Where are you, Robin Red-
breast?

Come, Robin, come and get
your breakfast.

I will feed you, Robin.

I will feed you now.

I see you, Robin, in the tree.

You are flying to the tall bough.

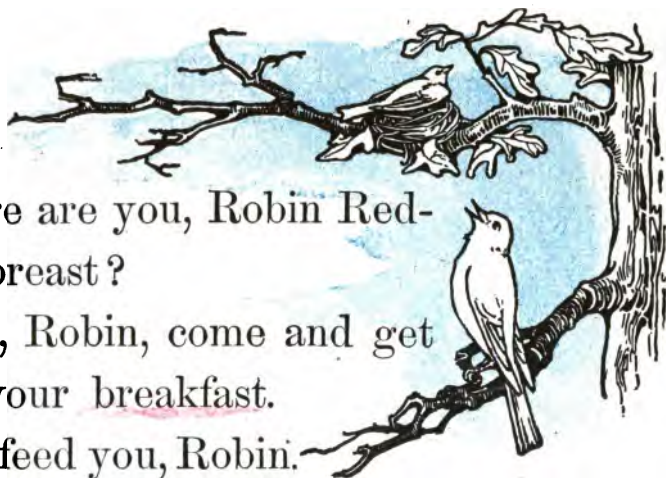
You are singing to your little birds.

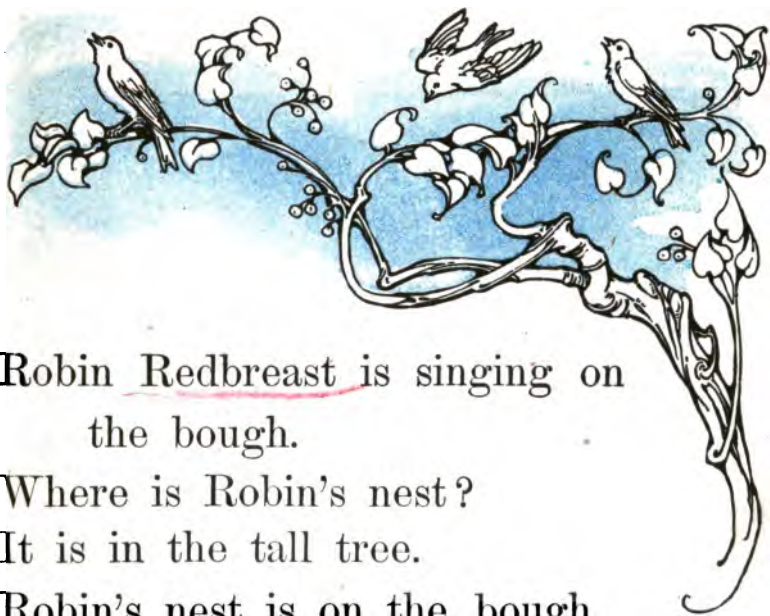
They are in the nest in the tall tree.

The nest is on the bough.

You love your nest in the tall tree.

Fly to your dear little nest.





Robin Redbreast is singing on
the bough.

Where is Robin's nest?

It is in the tall tree.

Robin's nest is on the bough.

He is singing to the little birds.

The little birds are in the nest.

Robin wants breakfast.

He wants breakfast for the little birds.

Good Robin Redbreast!

too

here



Come, Robin Redbreast, come to me.
I want to feed you.
Come, here is your breakfast.
Now you can feed your little birds.
I want to feed the little birds, too.

There is a nest in the old oak tree,
Safe and high,
Safe and high.

There are three tiny eggs blue as blue
can be,
Like the sky,
Like the sky.



as	(fl y)	like	eggs
tiny	sk y	(c old)	high
oak		old	safe

A nest is in the old oak tree.

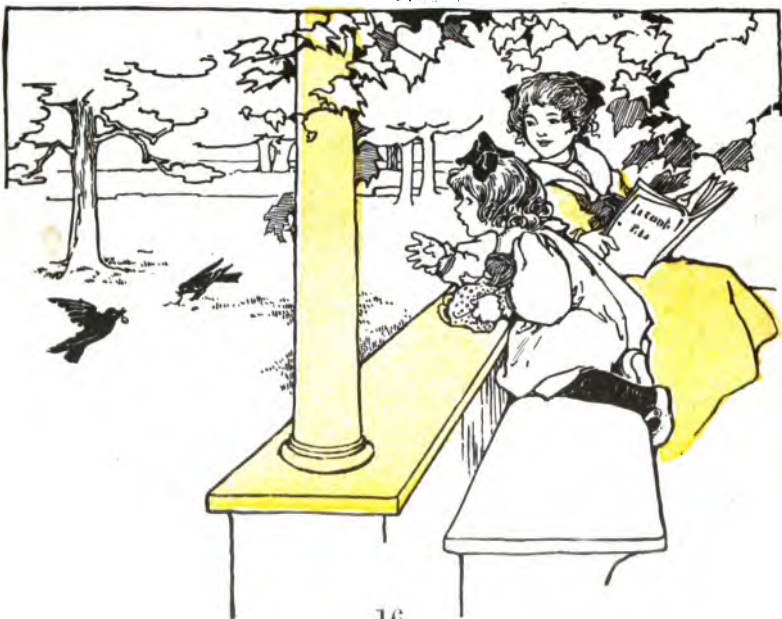
It is a Robin's nest.

The nest is safe on a high bough.

Three tiny eggs are in the nest.

The eggs are as blue as blue can be.

They are like the sky.



There are three baby birds in the tiny
nest,

Up so high,

Up so high,

And the wind rocks the bough where
they safely rest,

Rock-a-bye,

Rock-a-bye.



ba by	(n est)	(g o)	rock s
safe ly	r est	s o	Rock-a-bye

(bird)

soon

made

bird ies

but

tree-top



Robin made a nest in the oak tree.
There it is high up on the bough.
Three tiny eggs are in the nest.
They are as blue as blue can be.
They are as blue as the sky.
Soon there will be three baby birds in
the tiny nest.



The wind will rock the bough.
But the birds will be safe in the nest.
And they will like the wind to rock
the bough.

The old birds will sing.
They will sing to the little birds.

They will sing, "Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye.
Rock-a-bye, birdies, on the tree-top."



(sn ow)

flowers

then

gr ow

not

THE OLD OAK TREE

There is the old oak tree.

See the birds flying to the nest.

The nest is in the tree.

Little blue flowers grow under it.

The tree loves birds and flowers.

And they love the old oak tree.

The old oak rocks the birds in the nest.

The nest is on a high bough.

The wind blows the bough.

But the little birds rest there safely.

The old birds fly in to the nest.

They feed the little birds.

Then they fly to the tree-top.

There they sing and sing.

“We love you! We love you!”

The little birds can not fly; they can
not sing.

So they say, “Peep! peep! We love!
we love!”

The little flowers look up to the old tree.

They can not fly; they can not sing.

But they, too, love the old oak tree.



Out of Doors





C

Whichever way the wind doth blow
 Some heart is glad to have it so.
 Then blow it east or blow it west,
 The wind that blows—that wind is best.



doth	have	(at)
which ever	(s ay)	th at
heart	w ay	east

cra dle (n ow) down (t all)
breaks h ow their f all

THE WIND

How the wind blows !

The tall trees rock in the wind.

See the boughs sway up and down.

Some little birds are in their nest.

The nest is on a high bough.

They are glad to have the wind blow.

Their hearts are glad.

They like the west wind best.

It rocks them in their nest.

They like that.

They like to rock in the tree-top.

Sing to the dear little birds.

Sing a song to the birds in the nest.

“Rock-a-bye, birdies, on the tree-top.

When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock.

When the bough breaks, the cradle
will fall,

And down will come rock-a-bye, birdies
and all.”

The nest is the little birds’ cradle.

It is on a bough in the tree-top.

It rocks when the wind blows.

When the bough breaks it falls.

It falls down, down, away down!

It falls to the ground.

And down fall birdies and all.

THE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one
day,

“Come over the meadows with me and
play.”



leaves

said

one



Come, ~~little leaves~~.

Come over the meadows.

Come and play with me, little leaves.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind,
"come with me.

Come over the meadows with me.

Come play with me in the meadows."

One day the wind said, "Come, come
with me, little leaves.

I want to play with you.

Will you play with me?"

two could fl ew gr ew
saw were bl ew



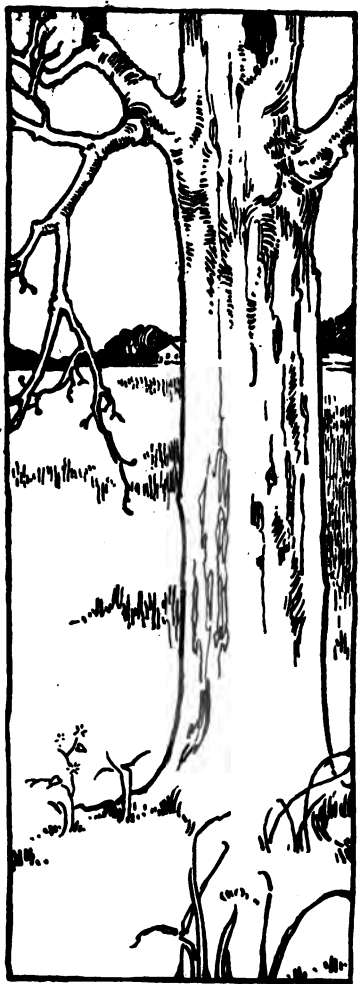
THE BIRDS AND THE LEAVES

An old oak tree grew in the meadow.
Two birds made a nest in it.
Soon there were three little birds there.
They could not fly ; they could not sing.
But the old birds loved the little ones.
The little leaves looked into the nest.
They saw the little birds.
The leaves said, "Come and play."

The little birds said, "Peep! peep!"
They wanted to go with the leaves.
They wanted to fly from their nest.
But they could not fly.
Up blew the wind one day.



"Come, little leaves," said he.
"Come over the meadows with me."
The leaves flew away with the wind.



They played in the
meadow all day.
The old oak tree
said, "Come to
me, little leaves."
But they did not
come.

"Come! come!
come!" said the
little birds.

"We want to play
with you."
But the leaves could
not come.

They were asleep in
the meadow.

Come, little birds,
Stop your play.
Snow is coming down,
You must hide away.



hide

must

(top)
s top

sum mer
them

out
back

(s o)

no

THE SNOW

All summer the little birds played in
the old oak tree.

They flew in and out.

They flew round and round.

They flew from bough to bough.

They rocked on the high boughs.

They rested there.

They played with the little leaves.

They flew up, up to the blue sky.

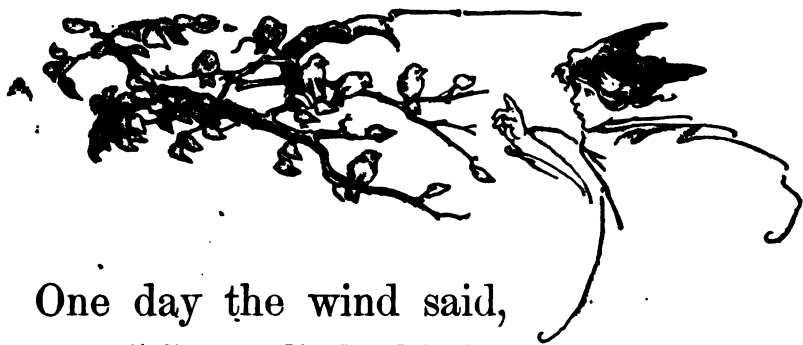
They flew down to see the flowers.

They flew down under the tree.

Up to the tree-top they flew again.

They flew east and west.

Whichever way they flew, they were glad.



One day the wind said,

“Come, little birds.

You must stop your play.

Fly away from your nest in the tree.

The little leaves are all asleep.

The little flowers are all asleep.

The snow will soon be coming down.

You must hide away.”

How the little birds wanted to stay!
But no, they must fly away.
The wind said they must fly away.
And away they flew.
They flew away over the meadows.
Will they come back again?





What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?

“Let me fly,” says little birdie,
“Mother, let me fly away.”

“Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

(oth er)	(s ings)	(g et)	(w ill)
m oth er	w ings	l et	t ill
str ong er	l ong er	flies	her



LITTLE BIRDIE

Little birdie is in her nest.

She says, "Peep, peep, peep."

"What does birdie want?" says mother.

"I want to fly from the nest.

Mother, let me fly away.

Let me fly high over the tree-top."



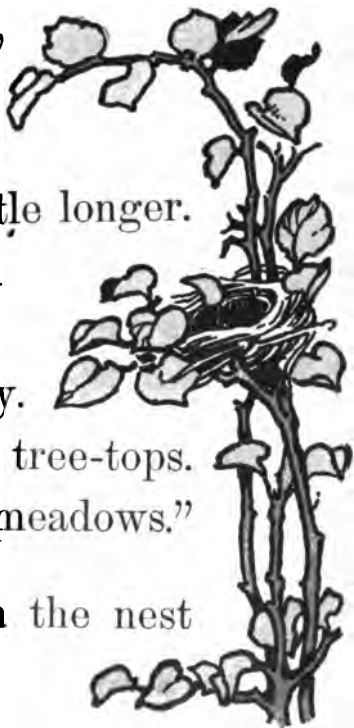
But the mother says,
"No, no, you
can not fly.

Rest in the nest a little longer.
Soon your wings will
be stronger.

Then you can fly away.
You can fly over the tree-tops.
You can fly over the meadows."

So birdie will stay in the nest
a little longer.

And when her wings
are stronger, she will fly away.



(c an)

alone

r an

winter

FEEDING THE SQUIRRELS

It was a cold day.

The ground was covered with snow.

The cold winds blew.

The trees were bare.

It was winter.

Baby ran out to play.

He saw three little squirrels.

They were running over the ground.

“What can the little squirrels want?”

said Baby.

The squirrels ran to the oak tree.

“Are you looking for acorns?”

There are no acorns now.
Stay here, little squirrels.
I will feed you."
Baby ran to mother.
"Come, mother," he said.



"Come out with me.

There are three squirrels in the tree.

They want some acorns.

We will feed the little squirrels.

I have some acorns.

Come, feed the squirrels, mother."

Mother ran out with Baby.

There were the squirrels in the tree.

"Come, squirrels," said Baby.

"Here are some acorns."

The squirrels ran to Baby.

They were glad to see the acorns.

They ran to get some.

They covered some with snow.

Can you tell why?

Then they ran to the old oak tree.

(see) (b are) (m ade) (f ast)
see k c are sh ade l ast



THE SQUIRRELS

Two squirrels made their nest in the
old oak tree.

All summer they played in the shade.
They ran up and down the boughs.
They played hide and seek.



In the fall the leaves flew away.
All the little birds flew away, too.
They were going away for the winter.
They were flying away from the snow.
At last the squirrels are alone.
Must they leave the old tree, too?
No, little care they for the snow.
They have a nest; they have acorns.
They will be glad all winter.
Summer will come again.
Then birds and leaves will come back.

In Summer Time





SUMMER IS COMING

Summer is coming! Summer is coming!

How do you think I know?

I found some pussy willows,

So I know it must be so.

Summer is coming! Summer is coming!

This I know very well,

For I found a sweet blue violet,

And that is how I tell.

pus sy	wil lows	this	(gr ound)
sweet	vi o let	(t ell)	f ound
do	think	w ell	very



PUSSY WILLOWS

Summer is coming.

I know it is.

How do you think I
know?

To-day I found some
pussy willows.

Pussy willows come to
tell us winter is over.

All winter they were
asleep.

But now they are awake.

They are peeping out.

How glad they look!

They know winter is over.



So I know that summer is coming.
Pussy willows say, "Summer is coming!
Winter is over!"

I love the summer.
And I love the dear little pussy willows.

was

THE PUSSIES

It was a glad spring morning.
Some little pussies were out playing.
They were playing beside the old wil-
low tree.

Two little birds were in the tree.
They were singing a glad song.
They were singing, "Spring is come!
Be glad! Be glad! Be glad!"

It was a sweet, sweet song.
It made the boys and girls glad.
But do you think it made the pussies
glad?

Little cared they for the sweet song!

They said, "Now we have found some
breakfast.

We will get the little birds."

Up into the tree they jumped.

They ran from bough to bough.

The little birds saw them.

They flew away.

"We can have no breakfast here," said
the pussies.

"We must look for some other birds.

We will jump to the ground."

But what do you think!

They could not get away.

They were growing fast to the tree!

They were no longer pussies.

They were pussy willows!

(f all)

c all ed

came

(gl ad)

h ad

tired

(long er)

long ed

been



LITTLE VIOLET

Little Violet was fast asleep.

She had been asleep all winter.

All winter she had been sleeping under
the snow.

Blue-bird was flying from tree to tree.

He flew to the tree over Little Violet.

He was singing, "Dear Little Violet,
come out, come out!

Get up! get up!

Are you not tired of
winter?

Summer is coming! Sum-
mer is coming!

I am tired of winter!

Tired of winter!

I love the summer! I love the sum-
mer!

Come, Little Violet, come up! I will
sing to you."



Little Violet was tired of winter.
She was tired of the snow.

She longed for the summer.

She longed for the sweet singing of the
birds.

She was so glad when Blue-bird called.

She awoke. She came out. She grew.

Blue-bird and Violet were so glad.

Winter was past; summer was here.



Dear little baby, close your eye,
 Close your eye so blue,
 Mother will sing to you, "Rock-a-bye,
 Baby and birdies, too."
 All little babies should be asleep,
 For the stars are shining through,
 And into the nest of all they peep,
 Babies and birdies, too.



close
 stars
 eye

(ba by)
 ba bies
 shin ing

(c ould)
 sh ould
 through

MOTHER'S SONG

It is night.

The stars are shining.

They are shining through the night.

They are shining into Robin's nest.

The baby birds are asleep.

The baby squirrels are asleep.

Now the stars peep in at Baby.

Baby is going to sleep, too.

She is so tired!

She has been playing all day.

She should be asleep now.

Mother is singing to Baby.

Baby likes mother's sweet song.

I think you will like it, too.

Here is the song.

“Rock-a-bye, baby.

Now go to sleep.

Mother will sing of little sheep.

The little sheep run round and round.

The little sheep jump over the ground.

They run to the haycock.

What do they see?

Little Boy Blue.

Who is he?

Rock-a-bye, baby.

Are you asleep?

Mother is singing of little sheep.”

Now mother’s song is over.

Baby’s blue eyes close.

She is fast asleep.

(as)	gave	(h ide)	thank
h as	bread	s ide	time

BABY

Baby has been playing in the meadow.

She has been playing there all day.

She has been playing hide and seek.

She likes to hide.

She likes to seek.

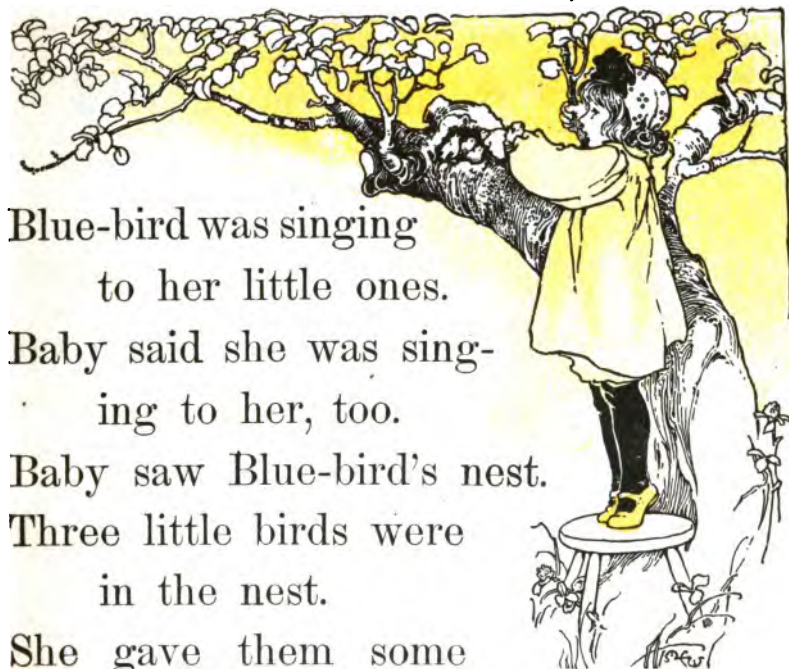
All day Blue-bird has been singing.

She has been singing in the meadow.

Playing and singing, singing and play-
ing!

What a good time Baby and Blue-
bird have had!

They have been glad all the day long.



Blue-bird was singing
to her little ones.

Baby said she was sing-
ing to her, too.

Baby saw Blue-bird's nest.
Three little birds were
in the nest.

She gave them some
bread for breakfast.

“Peep! peep! Thank you! thank you!”
said the little birds.

They were glad, but they longed to fly.
They wanted to fly over the tree-tops.

Baby found some pussy willows.
They were growing in the meadow.
She found a sweet blue violet, too.
Pussy willows and violet were growing
there side by side.
They peeped at Baby as she came up.





Baby gave the violet to her mother.

"Thank you, my dear," said mother.

"I love the sweet violet.

I love my baby, too.

Violet tells me summer is coming,
Summer, and the summer sky, so blue."



n ight	(sing ing)
t ight	(shin ing)
l ight	(sleep ing)
m ight	(peep ing)
r ight	(play ing)
br ight	(rock ing)
	(morn ing)

BABY ASLEEP

Baby is tired, so tired.

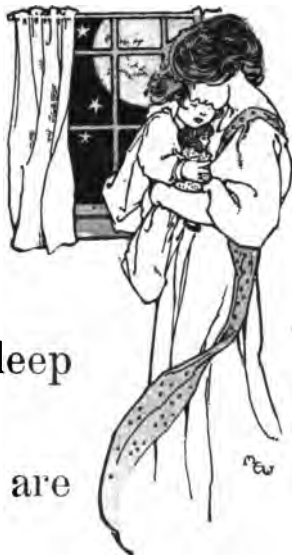
She has played all the day long.

Mother will rock her; Mother will sing
her to sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, close your eyes.

Close your sweet blue eyes, Baby dear.

Sleep, my Baby, sleep.
You are so tired, Baby.
You have played all day.
Now you must rest.



Blue-bird is asleep.
Little blue-birds are asleep
in their nest.
Pussy willow and Violet are
sleeping, too.

You should sleep, baby.
You should sleep and rest.
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
Close your sweet blue eyes,
Close your sweet blue eyes, baby dear.

The little stars are shining.



High up in the sky, they are shining
through the night.

They are peeping into Blue-bird's nest.
They see the little birds sleeping there.
They peep in at mother, rocking and
singing to baby.

They want to see baby sleeping, too.
Baby does not see them.
Baby's sweet blue eyes are closed at last.
Good-night, Baby.



Good-night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

Case

(s ing)
str ing

Tom
kite

did
went

THE NEW KITE

Tom has a new kite.

Who do you think made it?

Tom made the kite all alone.

It is a blue kite.

It has a long string.

To-day the wind is blowing.

"I will take my kite to the meadow,"
said Tom.

"I will fly it there."

Tom went out with his new kite.

He ran up and down.

But the kite did not fly well.

Soon Tom grew tired.

"I do not want to play with my kite.

It does not fly well," he said.

"The wind is not strong to-day.

I think the string should be longer.

I will go home now.

I will get a longer string.

Some day the wind will be stronger.

I will come again to the meadow.

I will bring Baby with me.

I will fly my kite for her."

Tom ran home.

He found a new string.

It was a good long string.

In the morning he will go again to
the meadow.

(at) (see) (m other) (long)
h at see ms br other a long

TOM AND THE WIND

Tom is Baby's brother.

Tom loves Baby.

He likes to play with her.

Tom likes to play with the wind, too.

And the wind seems glad to play with

Tom and Baby.

To-day they were in the meadow.

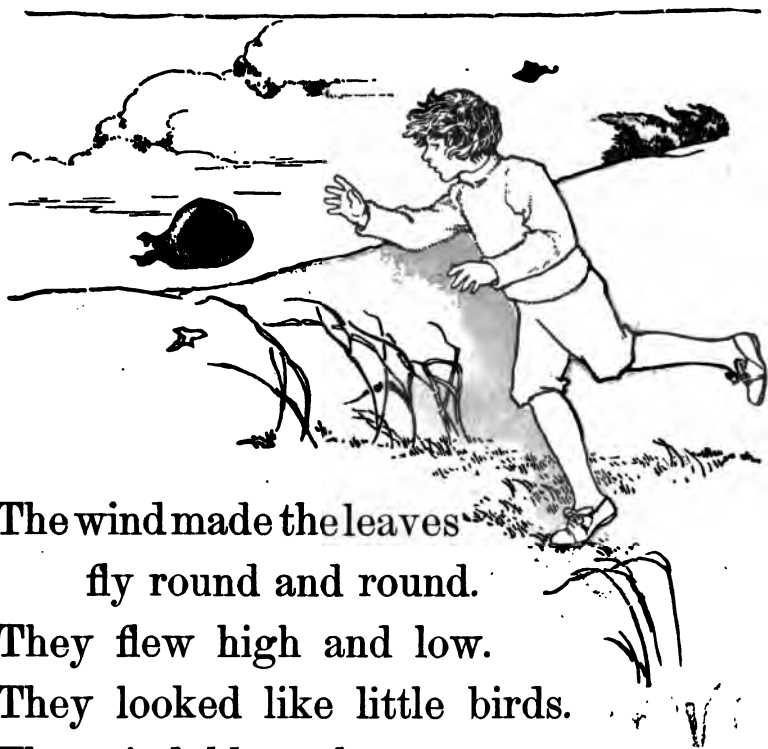
All three were playing there.

They ran up and down.

How fast they ran!

The wind blew Tom's hat away.

How it flew over the meadow!



The wind made the leaves
fly round and round.
They flew high and low.
They looked like little birds.
The wind blew them east.
The wind blew them west.
They found no place to hide.
They found no place to rest.



Tom made a kite.

Along came the wind.

Up went the kite!

High, high up over the tree-tops it flew!

Then down, down, down it came.

Up, up, up, again it went.
Tom said, "It is flying to the sky.
It will fly right out of sight."
As he said this, he let go the string.
Away went the kite.
And away went the wind with it.
Then Tom and Baby went home.



loud

THE SONG OF THE WIND

You-oo-oo! I blow! I blow!
I blow the tall trees.
I rock the birdies in their nest.
I sing to the flowers.
I sing a sweet song to them.
Winter is coming; snow is coming.
Sleep, little flowers, sleep.
Some days I sing a loud song.
I sing, Come, little snowflakes!
Cover the cold bare ground.
“O I am the wind and I come very fast;
Through the tall trees I blow a loud
blast.”

With Flower & Star





beau ti ful	lil y	dai sy	(sw eet)
blos soms		ap ple	f eet
fair	(cl ose)	gar den	(k ite)
fair est	r ose	done	wh ite



THE ROSE

The beautiful summer is here again.
 We have done with the winter, the
 snow and rain;
 The flowers grow bright by the garden
 wall,
 And the rose is the fairest one of all.



The apple tree blossoms are fair and
sweet,

And the bright-eyed ^{ide} daisy that grows
at its feet.

The lilies white are fair and tall,
But the rose is the fairest flower of all.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Long ago there was a beautiful garden.
Fair blossoms grew in this garden.
An old apple tree grew there.
It grew by the wall.
In the spring it was beautiful.
It was covered with blossoms.
In the fall it was covered with apples.
A little daisy grew at its feet.
Her eye was bright and shining.
She closed it at night.
But all day she looked up and was glad.
Daisy loved the beautiful garden.
A tall lily grew in the garden.
She was sweet and white.



Close beside her grew a rose.
The sweet flowers loved their home.
They were glad all spring.
They blossomed all summer.
In the fall the cold wind came to the
 beautiful garden.
He blew and blew and blew !
"Summer is done," he said.
"Time to go to sleep, sweet flowers.
Close your eye, Daisy.
Sleep, Rose and Lily."

The little flowers went to sleep.

The old apple tree saw them.

"Time for me to sleep, too," she said.

"Come, wind, blow my leaves away.

I do not want them now.

Cover the flowers with them.

They might be cold in the winter."

The wind blew all the leaves from the
old apple tree.

He covered Rose, Daisy, and Lily.

"Now go to sleep, old tree," he said.

"The beautiful blossoms are all cov-
ered with your leaves.

They will not be cold.

So sleep, old apple tree.

Sleep till spring comes back again."

(d ear)	warm
h ear	buds
n ear	many

THE GARDEN IN WINTER

It is winter.

The garden is covered with snow.

Many sweet flowers sleep under the
cold white snow.

Daisy is asleep under the apple tree.

Lily sleeps near her.

Rose sleeps near Lily.

They are covered with warm leaves.

The old apple tree is sleeping.

All her buds are sleeping, too.

In the spring they will wake.

Now they are covered with snow.
The snow covers the flowers, too.
They are safe and warm.
For many days they will sleep.
All winter they will rest.
Then spring will come.
The warm days will come again.
Robin will sing to the flowers.
All the buds and flowers will wake.
They will hear the robin's song.
They will look up.
They will be glad.
They will say, "The warm spring days
have come back."
All the buds will blossom.
The garden will be beautiful again.

(the)	(c ould)	(d one)
the se	w ould	n one
f elt	(r un)	(f eed)
m elt ing	s un	in d eed

ROSE, DAISY, AND LILY

Rose, Daisy, and Lily grow in a beautiful garden.

These three grow side by side.

They are not alone.

Many other flowers are growing all around them.

But none are as beautiful as Rose.

None are as bright-eyed as Daisy.

None are as fair as Lily.



“Good morning, Rose,” says Daisy.

“Where were you all winter?”

“I was down under the white snow,
sound asleep.”

“And so was I,” says Lily.

“And where have you been, Daisy?”

“Indeed, I do not know.

I think I must have been asleep, too.

When I waked, the sun was shining.
It was shining brightly all around.
I felt the warm wind blowing over me.
I saw the snow melting away.
I was glad.
I knew summer would soon be here.
Look! There is little Violet now.
See, she is blossoming.
I must stop. My leaves are growing.
My buds are coming. Good-by."



full	dart ing	(r ain)
music		pl ain
wood lands		busy

THE SPRING TIME

Now the days are full of music!
All the birds are back again;
In the tree-tops, in the meadows,
In the woodlands, on the plain.

See them darting through the sunshine!
Hear them singing loud and clear!
How they love the busy spring time —
Sweetest time of all the year!

TOM AND THE BIRDS

One morning Tom ran to mother.

"Mother, mother!" he called.

"The springtime has come!"

"How do you know?" said mother.

"The birds have come back," said Tom.

"I saw so many in the garden!

They are singing their sweetest songs.

Come and hear them, mother.

The garden is full of music!

Do come, mother!"

Mother and Tom went into the garden.

Robins were calling from the tree-top.

Bluebirds were darting around.

They were darting in the sunshine.

All were singing their sweetest songs.
They seemed to say, "It is time all
 nests were made."

They were so busy and glad.

All wanted new nests.

Robin's nest was in the apple tree.

Bluebird's nest was near it.

How glad they all were!

The garden was full of music.

"I love the springtime," said Tom.

"I love to hear the birds sing."

"Hear their glad songs," said mother.

"See them darting in the sunshine!

See how busy they are!

We must be busy like the birds.

We must be glad, too."

be cause
(s oon)
m oon

an swered
dan de li on

gone
live
al ways



THE STAR

A little star lived away up in sky-land.
At night it looked down at the trees.
It peeped under the leaves.
It looked into the birds' nest.
It looked long at the sweet flowers.
The little star liked them best of all.

It was always shining on them.

It was always trying to wake them.

One night Mother Moon saw the little
star looking down.

"Bright star," said she, "why are you
always shining on the flowers?"

"Because I love them so, mother.

I should like to go and live with them
always," answered the star.

"Do you not love me, little star?"

"Yes, mother dear, I do love you."

"Do you not love the other stars?"

"Yes, I love you all, but I love the
dear flowers best."

"Then why do you not go to them?"
said the sad Mother Moon.

“I will, I will; good-by, good-by,”
said the star.

In the morning this little star was
gone from the sky.

But a beautiful dandelion was growing
in the meadow.



quietly happy heard friends asked



THE DANDELION'S FRIENDS

Bright-eyed Daisy grew in the meadow.

All day she looked up at the sky.

It was so bright and blue.

She saw the sun shining.

She heard the birds singing.

But at night she would close her eye
and sleep quietly.

Blue Violet grew in the meadow, too.

She did not always sleep at night.
She looked up into the sky.
She saw a bright star shining there.
She wanted the star to come to her.

One morning Violet and Daisy found a
dandelion growing near them.



“Where did you come from, Dandelion?” they asked.

“I was a star,” answered Dandelion.

“I lived in sky-land.

All the long nights through I looked
down at you in the meadow.

You looked so sweet and happy here!
I grew to love you dearly.



And I wanted to come down and live
with you. So here I am.
Are you glad to see me?
Do you want me to go back to the
sky, bright Daisy?
Will you let me stay with you here
always, sweet Violet?"
"Stay always," said Daisy and Violet.



At Christmas Tide





04.1

7

WHO IS IT?

Who is it comes with his reindeer,
Over the ice and snow,
With a sleigh just full of good things?
Tell me if you know.
Just listen to his sleigh bells!
They are ringing out so clear,
And they tell us as we listen,
That Santa Claus is near.



(is)	sleigh	Santa Claus	(m ust)
h is	lis ten	rein deer	j ust
ice			us

al most

big

h ush

hark

(s aw)

r ush ing

dr áw

SANTA CLAUS

Hush! hark! I hear sleigh bells!

Listen and you will hear them.

They are ringing out so clear.

They say, "Some one is coming."

Who can it be? I think I know.

He has a big sleigh.

It is just full of good things.

There is something for you and me.

Little reindeer draw this sleigh.

They come rushing, bounding over the
ice and snow.



They are coming near, near, nearer!
Hear the bells, loud, loud, louder!
They must be almost here.
Now do you know who is coming?
Who is coming in his big sleigh?
Who is bounding over ice and snow?
Who brings a sleigh full of good things?
Tell me if you know.

Christmas	(st ar)	world
house	f ar	chimneys
	bed	

WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?

Tom: Christmas will soon be here.

Baby: Christmas? What is Christmas?

Tom: Why, Baby! Christmas is the time Santa Claus comes.

Baby: Who is Santa Claus?

Tom: He is the friend of all good girls and boys.

Baby: Where does he live?

Tom: He lives in a cold land far away from here.

Santa Claus comes in a big sleigh.

Little reindeer draw his sleigh.

Baby: Did you see him, Tom?

Tom: No, he comes when all the boys and girls are asleep.

He comes down the chimneys.

Baby: Why does he come down the chimneys?

Tom: To bring something to all the boys and girls.

Baby: Will he bring something to us?

Tom: He will bring something good.

Baby: What will he bring, Tom?

Tom: You will know in the morning.

(k ept)	(t ire d)	(d id)
cr ept	f ire	h id
(r ock)	(l oud)	hung
st ock ing	cl oud s	be fore

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It was the night before Christmas.

Baby hung up her stocking.

She hung it by the big fireplace.

Tom hung his there, too.

“Come, Baby,” said Tom.

“We must go to bed.

You know who comes to-night.”

Then they crept quietly away to bed.

They lay so still, listening, listening.

But not a sound could be heard.



What did they think they would hear?
Soon their tired little eyes were closing.
They were fast asleep.
Outside it was cold, so cold.
Ice was all around.
Wind was blowing; snow was flying.
Cold clouds hid the blue sky.
Yet over all moon and stars were shining brightly.



At last the moon peeped out.
She peeped through the cold clouds.
She looked far down at the cold world.
Her rays fell upon a beautiful sight.
There was dear old Santa Claus with
sleigh and reindeer.
They were flying from house to house.
They were rushing over ice and snow.

Down the chimneys Santa went.
In one house he found two stockings.
They hung side by side.
They hung by the fire-place.
We know who hung them there.
Santa filled them full as they could hold.
He filled them up to the very top.
“Good!” said Santa, “good!
How glad Tom and Baby will be!
They have just what they want!”
Back up the chimney Santa went.
Into his big sleigh he jumped.
“Get up, get up, reindeer!”
Then away and away they flew!
So they kept on leaving their good
things all the night through.



ought

(out)

(w ood)

br ought

sh out

h ood

(ice)

our

(b ed)

n ice

kind

sl ed

quick

doll

THE DOLL AND THE SLED

It was night.

Santa had gone up the chimney.

A new sled was by Tom's stocking.

It was a bright red sled.

"Are you awake, doll?" called the sled.

"I am," answered the doll.

"Where are you?" asked the sled.

"Here, in this stocking," said the doll.

The sled looked up.

There was a dear little doll peeping out of Baby's stocking.

"Well, here we are in our new home," said the doll.

"How do you like it?"

"It is a good home," said the sled.

"I think we should be happy here.

Santa brought me to the little boy who
lives in this house.

I think I will like him.

I know he will like me.

I am so bright and new."

"He ought to like you," said the doll.

"You are a nice sled.

You are so bright and new.

I am for a dear little girl.

Santa calls her Baby.

He says she will be kind to me.

He says she will love me.

Do you think she will?

I know I will love her.

Santa brought her a new hood.

It is such a warm little hood!"

"Hush!" said the sled.

"Quick! Get back into the stocking!

I hear some one coming!"

"Who can it be?" asked the doll.

"I think it is mother," said the sled.

"Oh, dear," said the doll.

"It may be Tom or Baby."

"No," answered the sled.

"They will not come till morning.

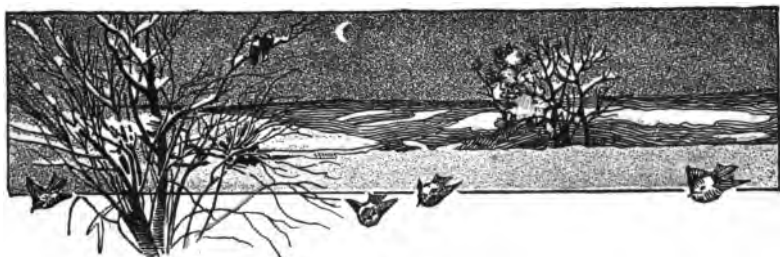
They are in their beds.

They are asleep now.

Hush! Be quiet.

Some one is coming near."

The doll crept back into the stocking.
The sled lay down, too.
How quiet they were!
Mother came in.
She made a light.
Then she looked around.
She saw the new sled.
It lay close to Tom's stocking.
She looked into Baby's stocking.
She saw the new doll.
She saw the new hood.
She saw many other things.
But not a sound did she hear.
"Santa has been here," she said.
Then she went away quietly.
All was quiet till Christmas morning.



	off	smiles
(d oll)	(fee t)	(k ind)
f oll ows	fee l	m ind
(th ey)	(up)	(fl ies)
o b ey	c up	cr ies

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Christmas morning is here.

Tom and Baby awake.

“Mother, mother,” they cry, “has Santa
Claus been here?”

What did he leave for us?



Let's go look in our stockings quick!"

"Come, Baby, we can feel our way."

Away they rush to the fire-place.

Mother follows fast with a light.

"Look, mother, look! a sled, a top, a
horn, candy.

So many good things!" shouts Tom.

"See this lovely doll," cries Baby.

“And here is a warm hood, a big book,
and a cup.

My! how many things dear old Santa
brought us!”

“Did you know Santa had been here,
mother?” asks Tom.

“Did you think he would bring us so
many nice things?”



I have just what I wanted."

"And so have I," says Baby.

Mother just smiles sweetly and says:

"Santa Claus has been very kind to you.

I know he thinks you ought to be good.

He will want you to obey mother."

"We will do that," says Baby.

"Indeed we will mind you always."

"That makes me so glad!" says mother.

"It will make Santa glad, too."

All three are very happy this beautiful Christmas morning.

The sun is just peeping over the hills.

Mother goes to get breakfast.

Tom and Baby are kept busy with their new play-things.

(p eep)	(other)	(s un)	coat
d eep	an other	f un	tip
st eep	children		put

PLAYING IN THE SNOW

"Come quick! See the snow!

See the snow!" cries Tom.

"Mother, may we go out and play?

May we take our sleds with us?

May we take the ones Santa Claus
brought us?

Do say we may go, Mother."

"Yes, children," answers mother.

"You may play in the white snow.

You may take your Christmas sleds.

Come, I will put on your warm coats."



"Where is my nice hood?" asks Baby.
"I will bring it to you," answers Tom.
"How warm it is!"

What fun they have in the deep snow!
They are almost covered with it.
Just hear them shout!
How they make the snow fly!
Up the steep hill they run.
They draw their sleds after them.

Then down they slide.
They ought to look out for the sleighs.
Their sleds go very fast.
Sometimes the sleds tip over and throw
 them into the snow.
But they do not care.
It is all fun for them.
Now they are making a snow man.





He is made of big balls of snow.

What a big tall man!

See them throw snow balls at him!

"Come, children," calls mother.

"It is time to come in now.

Come, take off your things by the fire.

Another day you may play out again.

You may play with your sleds.

In Garden & Meadow





buried plant voice wonderful

THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light.”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

— KATE LOUISE BROWN.

(with) (is) (h ark) (k ind)
with er 't is d ark be h ind

BE GLAD

Is it raining, little flower ?

Be glad of rain.

Too much sun would wither thee ;

'Twill shine again.

The clouds are very dark,

'Tis true ;

But right behind them

Shines the blue.

Butterfly, butterfly, you're a fairy
bright,

Flying high, flying low, in the summer
light.



searching

cried

honey

THE FAIRY BUTTERFLY

It was a glad summer day.

May was playing in the meadow.

Something flew near.

“What a beautiful butterfly!” she cried.

“What shining bright wings it has!”

The butterfly flew nearer.
May crept close to it.
“Oh, it is not a butterfly!
What can it be?” she cried.
“Oh, it is a dear little fairy!
Stop and play, dear fairy,” she cried.
But the fairy flew away.
She was too busy to stop.
She was searching for honey.



work
lift

among

(m ead ow)
h ead

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE GARDEN

One day I saw a beautiful butterfly.

She was in the garden.

She was flying among the flowers.

She was playing with them.

“Good morning, beautiful butterfly!

Good morning,” said I again.

But the butterfly made no answer.

“Good morning, little fairy,” said I.

But the butterfly just went on playing.

She seemed to be searching for honey.

She flew in and out among the flowers.

The butterfly loves the flowers.

And the flowers all love the butterfly.
She flies from flower to flower, now
high, now low.



She flies this way
and that way.
She likes the sweet
bright flowers
best of all.

These give the but-
terfly honey.

They seem to lift

their heads when she comes.

The butterfly works very little.

She plays almost all the time.

Would you like to play always?

Would you like to be a butterfly?

(in)
th in

shone
waits

(c ame)
n ame
sto ry



THE LITTLE FAIRY

A dear little fairy lives in a garden.
The garden is full of beautiful flowers.
The fairy has lived there all summer.
Fairies always live among flowers.
Did you not know that?
This fairy is very beautiful.
Her thin wings are bright and shining.

All day she flies from flower to flower.
Is she telling them some sweet story?
What do you think she says?
This is what the fairy is saying.
Listen if you want to hear.
“The blue violet is sweet.
The lily is white and tall.
The daisy’s eye is bright.
But the rose is the fairest of all.”



Some nights this fairy creeps into the
tall white lily.

There she clings through the night.

She holds on very fast.

She does not feel the cold wind.

Other nights she rests in a red rose.

She is buried out of sight.

There she waits for the morning.

She hears the voice of the wind.

The wind blows among the flowers.

It rocks the fairy's flower cradle.

The stars shine down on her.

She drops asleep.

She sleeps all the long night.

What a wonderful fairy she is!

What name do we call her?

Can you tell me ?
Yes, that is right.
It is fairy butterfly.



Sleep, little fairy, sleep and rest,
Of all the flowers, Rose loves you best.

(sh one)

st one

(d own)

g own

(s ee)

gr ee n



THE WHITE LILY

A tall white lily grew in
a beautiful garden.

Her home was near
the old stone wall.

Her gown was white
and shining green.

May cared for Lily.

She kept the ground soft.



Lily seemed to know
that May loved her.
She lifted her head and
smiled at the girl.
One day the sun shone.
O how warm it grew!
Lily could not lift up
her head.

"Dear rain," she cried.
"Do come to the garden.
We want you.
Come, kind friend.
Come before all the sweet
flowers wither."

The rain heard Lily's call.
"I am coming," he cried.



"Lift up your head.
I will be with you
soon, dear Lily."

The bright raindrops
fell to the ground.
Faster and faster and
faster they came.

A soft wind blew.
Lily lifted her cup.
The rain filled it.
How glad she was!
"Thank you, dear rain,"
she said.

"Now I am happy again.
My gown looks new.
How kind you are!"

(lea ves)	(k ept)	(b ig)	(h ung)
lea f	sl ept	tw ig	cl ung
cat er pil lar			o pen ed

THE CATERPILLAR

A caterpillar rested on a lily leaf.

He lay there very still.

He was very big and very green.

“Go away,” cried the lily, “go away!

I do not like caterpillars.”

“I am so tired,” said the caterpillar.

“I can not go away.

Let me rest.

I am so sleepy.

Do let me stay.

I will be very still.”

"No! No! Go away,"

said the lily.

"You must go away.

You may not stay.

I will not have you."

The caterpillar fell from
the lily leaf.

In his fall he kept hold
of a little twig.

There he clung fast.

He was tired, so very tired.

He spun a little coat around him.

Then he fell asleep.

All winter he slept there soundly.

In the spring the bright sun shone warm.

Its rays fell on the caterpillar's coat.





The caterpillar's coat opened.
And what do you think came out?
A caterpillar? No! No! No!
A wonderful thing! A beautiful butterfly!
What shining, bright wings!
How it flew among the flowers!
It came flying to the lily.
The lily said, "Come, beautiful butterfly,
 fly, come to my sweet blossoms!
Rest on me—I love you, butterfly!
You are so bright and beautiful!"

But the butterfly answered, "When I
was a caterpillar, you did not
want me.

You would not let me rest on you then.
You said you did not like caterpillars.
You would not let me stay.
Now I will not stay with you.
I will go to the red rose.
Good-by, lily; you are fair but cold."



(h im)
d im pled

grass

(f air)
h air

THE DANDELION

O dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?

I just wait here in the tall
green grass

Till the children come to play.

O dandelion yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?

I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.





And what do you do when your
hair is white

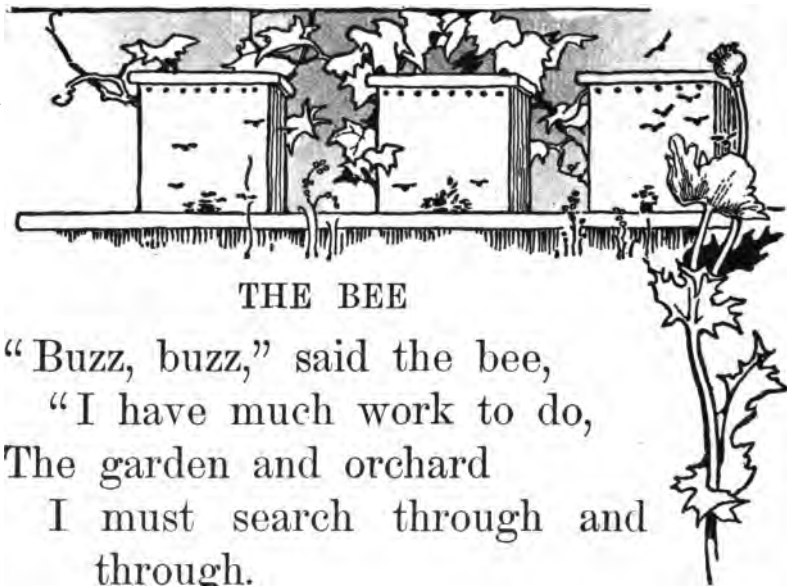
And the children come to play?

They take me up in their dimpled
hands

And blow my hair away.



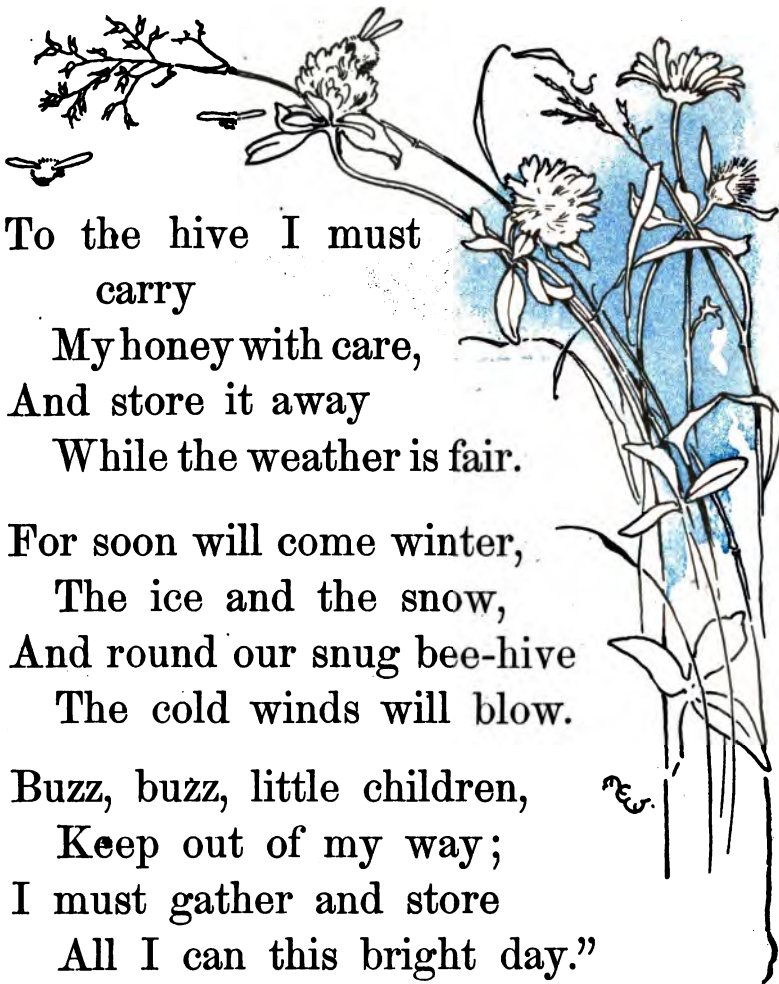
or chard	fields	(over)	car ry
weath er	vis it	cl over	hive
gath er	snug	buzz	store



THE BEE

"Buzz, buzz," said the bee,
 "I have much work to do,
 The garden and orchard
 I must search through and
 through.

I must visit the meadows
 And fields of red clover,
 And search them for honey
 Over and over.



To the hive I must
 carry
 My honey with care,
And store it away
 While the weather is fair.

For soon will come winter,
 The ice and the snow,
And round our snug bee-hive
 The cold winds will blow.

Buzz, buzz, little children,
 Keep out of my way;
I must gather and store
 All I can this bright day."

(h eat)
eat

(work)
work er

(st ore)
m ore



THE BUSY BEE

Hear the bee.

“Buzz, buzz,” he says.

“Keep out of my way!

I can’t stop for you.”

He is a busy worker.

When the weather is fair

he is busy all day.

He flies through garden

and orchard.

He visits all the sweet flowers.



He is searching for honey.

All little flowers are glad to have him
come to them.

The red clover has more honey than
many other flowers.

So the bee and the clover are friends.
The bee gathers honey from all the
sweet flowers.

He gathers all he can carry.

Then he flies away.

Over the fields he goes to his hive.

There he stores his honey with care.

He knows the cold winter is coming.

Then he can gather no honey.

There will be no flowers in the fields.

The cold winter winds will blow.



Snow will cover fields and flowers.
But the little bee will be happy.
He will be safe in his snug hive.
There he will keep snug and warm.
Now he can eat his store of honey.
He can eat all he wants.
He will be glad he worked in summer.
He will be glad of his snug warm hive.
He can sleep and rest waiting for another summer.
When it comes he will be busy again.

WHY THE CLOVER IS SWEET

A little fairy flew to a daisy.

"Dear Daisy," she said, "will you give me some honey?"

"No, go away," said the daisy.

The fairy flew away to a rose.

"Beautiful Rose," she said, "will you give me some honey?"

"You may have just a little," answered the rose.

"Thank you," said the fairy.

"I do not care for your honey."

Away she flew to the clover.

"Little Clover," she said, "will you give me some honey?"

“Indeed I will, dear Fairy.

Take all that you want.”

“Thank you,” said the fairy.

“Now I will be kind to you.

Hereafter you will have more honey
than any other flower.”

And from that day, the clover has
been sweet with honey.



147

VOCABULARY

Most of the words used in the Aldine Primer are used frequently in this First Reader. The Primer words are not listed in this vocabulary, however ; here are given only the words used for the first time in this book.

The number at the left of a word refers to the page on which the story begins in which that word is first used. New words are listed in the text immediately before or after the lesson in which they are used ; they are listed after the lesson when they occur in rhymes to be memorized (see Teacher's Manual), before the lesson in all other cases. Words of series that have already been studied (see Teacher's Manual) are not usually listed in the text, but are given in this vocabulary.

A		88. because	62. bright
26. all		-100. bed	68. brother
98. almost		140. bee	106. brought
40. alone		52. been	80. bud
68. along		102. before	121. buried
88. always		122. behind	85. busy
125. among		97. bell	18. but
115. another		6. best	123. butterfly
88. answered		98. big	140. buzz
75. apple		18. birdies	58. by
15. as		72. blast	
91. asked		30. blew	C
B		75. blossom	115. call
55. babies		111. book	52. called
17. baby		11. bough	came
34. back		98. bounding	111. candy
115. ball		58. bread	43. care
15. be		26. break	140. carry
75. beautiful		11. breakfast	134. caterpillar

115. children
100. chimney
Christmas

68. clear
127. cling
55. close
102. cloud
140. clover

134. clung
115. coat
30. could
40. crack
26. cradle

121. creep
102. crept
123. cried
111. cries
110. crowned
111. cry
cup

D

75. daisy
88. dandelion
122. dark
85. darting
6. dear
115. deep
138. dew
66. did

138. dimpled
47. do
106. doll
75. done
25. doth
26. down
98. draw
121. drop

E

25. east
142. eat
15. egg
55. eye
F
75. fair
fairest

122. fairy
26. fall
100. far
130. fed
11. feed

111. feel
75. feet
134. fell
82. felt
140. field
102. filled
fire
80. flew

38. flies
21. flower
111. follow
47. found
91. friend
85. full
115. fun

G

75. garden
140. gather
58. gave
11. get
138. gold
88. gone
82. good-by
138. grass
130. green
30. grew
21. grow

H

52. had
138. hair
hand
91. happy
98. hark
58. has
68. hat
25. have
125. head

80. hear
 91. heard
 25. heart
 38. her
 14. here
 102. hid
 33. hide
 15. high
 115. hill
 97. his
 140. hive
 102. hold
 123. honey
 106. hood
 100. house
 26. how
 102. hung
 98. hush
 I
 97. ice
 82. indeed
 J
 97. just
 K
 140. keep
 102. kept
 106. kind
 66. kite
 47. know

L
 88. land
 43. last
 121. lay
 134. leaf
 28. leaves
 38. let
 125. lift
 62. light
 15. like
 75. lilies
 lily
 97. listen
 88. live
 52. longed
 38. longer
 72. loud
 6. love
 122. low
 M
 18. made
 111. make
 95. man
 80. many
 115. may
 82. melting
 62. might
 111. mind
 88. moon

142. more
 38. mother
 85. music
 33. must
 N
 127. name
 80. near
 106. nice
 62. night
 34. no
 82. none
 21. not
 O
 138. O
 15. oak
 111. obey
 115. off
 15. old
 28. one
 134. opened
 140. orchard
 106. ought
 our
 34. out
 121. outside
 P
 6. place
 85. plain
 121. plant

47. pussy
115. put

Q

106. quick
91. quietly

R

40. ran
102. ray
127. red
11. redbreast
97. reindeer
17. rest
62. right
97. ringing
11. robin
17. rock
rock-a-bye
75. rose
98. rushing

S

15. safe
17. safely
28. said
97. Santa Claus
30. saw
123. searching
121. seed
43. seek

68. seem
43. shade
38. she
55. shining
127. shone
55. should
106. shout
58. side
68. sight
15. sky
106. sled
97. sleigh
138. slept
115. slide
111. smile
140. snug
17. so
115. sometimes
18. soon
82. sound
134. spun
55. star
34. stay
115. steep
102. still
stocking
130. stone
33. stop
140. store

127. story
66. string
38. stronger
34. summer
82. sun
85. sunshine
26. sway
47. sweet

T

138. take
3. tall
58. thank
25. that
26. their
34. them
21. then
82. these
127. thin
97. thing
47. think
this
3. three
55. through
115. throw
62. tight
38. till
58. time
15. tiny
115. tip

52. tired.	121. voice	40. why
122. 'tis	W	11. will
66. Tom	127. wait	47. willow
14. too	75. wall	38. wing
18. top	80. warm	40. winter
tree-top	50. was	122. wither
134. twig	25. way	121. wonderful
122. 'twill	21. we	85. woodland
30. two	140. weather	125. work
U	47. well	142. worker
97. us	66. went	100. world
V	30. were	82. would
47. very	25. west	Y
violet	whichever	85. year
140. visit	75. white	103. yet



